

and to put on a show and to even pay you. i mean, no one does that for zine-writers. if i wanted to go from town to town reading out of my zine and expected people to put on shows for me, bouse me, and pay me, it would be the ultimate in presumptuousness, or people would say "that better be one damn good zine". i mean, that's assuming i could come up with money to buy a car/van and take all this crazy time off work. i mean, i know how these bands do it-- they're mostly bourgeois rich kids and so forth. and i mean, what's with selling cds and records for like \$8 and \$10? that's just such crap. i mean, i'm not born yesterday. i know how much it takes to press a record and mail a record. fucking like \$2 total. i know the musician types whine "oh, but you're not figuring in recording time, and the cost of instruments, and we're tryin' to break even on tour, and my hipster clothes are expensive..." and whine, whine. i mean, no one cuts zine-writers that slack. i mean, i have to scum by hook and by crook at kinko's in order to lose fifty cents per issue on postage. i don't pull this "well, it may have cost \$2 to copy and mail, but i'm sellin' it for \$10 because you're not factoring in the cost of the computer i typed it on, and the hours and hours i spent on it, or the endless drives back and forth to kinkos, or my trip to france so i could write articles on it, or my lifestyle i want the punk public to subsidize..." the way musicians do. so i can't stand the audacity of hands charging more than a couple bucks for their music. it's just so wildly out of my league. as for the zine scene, it seems to me to be a lot more grounded and honest. i don't know. it is pretty cool, i guess. with a few hipster exceptions, i don't see anyone getting all worked up about any certain zine or cool-writer-of-the-month: it just doesn't happen. the only people that give a shit about zines are other zine writers. whereas everyone gives a shit about music. so i find fellow-zine writers to be a bit more on the level, and much more modest and friendly. if you look at like, for example, the top 10 zines or whatever of heartattack, let's take number 30, i find that i know / have met / write regularly (or used to) most of the editors of these zines. i think that is pretty cool. whereas in the music section, i am clueless. maybe musicians look at record reviews and go "fuck yeah, i know those guys" or something. that might be cool but for me, i find the small punk-rock zine "community" pretty cool, and i find a lot of worthwhile reading in it, and much cooler people than in the music side of things. i mean, there is still lots of one-way shit-- lots of hipster zines that i order or read, and i mean, these zine-writers sure as hell don't order any zines from me, or express any interest in my zine. they are by-and-large also musicians, i have found too. i mean like al burian or nate powell or "big names" in the zine world. i mean, they sure don't order cryptic slaughter. i guess they are "too big" or "too busy". but then i get orders from chris boards, from slug&lettuce-- and of course i just respect that that much more. but aside from the bipster zine-writers, i would say that the punk rock zine world is very nice and very friendly and i like knowing a couple people in it. do you feel that who you are is well-represented in your zine? absolutely. a critical asshole with no life who is always depressed and can't figure out why, although the answer is obvious: it's because he's a critical asshole! no, i mean, there are some things about me that don't come out in the zine. i mean, i really like star

cryptic slaughter

interview

larceny #4



...starting this off quite a bit later than what i had originally planned, as usual. and on a typewriter, nonetheless, with no rough draft written. so i guess that all i can do now is hope for the best.

anyway, i had an intro written up for this already, but considering that it was written over a month ago, i decided to scrap it and start anew. i guess that's for the best. and i want to get this done before going down to columbus fest in june, so i'd best get my ass in gear. anyway, i've been doing roughly an issue a month to little response--and that's fine because i haven't been expecting a response to this. that i've received any at all totally amazes me and totally validates the work that i've put into this so far. so for that, i say thanks. your encouragement inspires me to continue. and i would ramble on about all of that, but to hell with it. i've said what i need to say. let's leave it at that.

lastly, you've probably noticed the change in moniker...if i hadn't already told you previously. paper crown is now larceny. it's the same zine, therefore this is issue #4. attempt #4, as i like to say...i have my reasons for the change, the main being that paper crown just sux. as wendy told me, "it's too hallmark-y". plus, when i originally started this zine, back in october 1999, i was listening to a lot of red monkey's 2nd album...the title is one of their songs. not that that matters....larceny isn't a song title, thankfully.

anyway, this is attempt #4. read on....

i do see a lot of mediocre crap and i like to think i'm helping to fight that crap with my zine. probably not what are your thoughts about the scene to-day? the zine scene? i don't really know much about the scene to-day. i haven't been part of any local scene in years, and even then it was a local scene on the rural idaho border. y'know? so i am very much not in touch with the scene, which is probably better. i don't have any local friends or what-have-you. i don't know what bands are cool or what people are cool or what labels or whatever. it's been many years since i bought a new record. the only contact i have with the "punk scene" is magazines like MRR or heartattack or slug and lettuce. i don't know any of the bands they talk about, of the new breed anyhow. i'm not complaining: i'm not one of those people who says "oh man, i'm too old: i pick up heartattack and i don't know anything about any of the bands they cover!": i mean, i don't care if i know. if a band is *that* good, maybe i'll hear them eventually, but oh well. in order to know about new bands, you have to have a lot of money or a lot of friends, neither of which i have. i mean, you have to spend a shitload of money ordering records, or have friends that do it and let you tape the records, or you have to live in a place where there are cool shows every night of the week. in seattle for instance, as far as i can tell, the only shows are corporate "emo-pop" shows at \$8 a head. and there are tons of these. the bands are "punk" i guess; i mean they have ads in the punk zines. but they have like guarantees and shit and things i don't give a fuck about. i prefer music of the basement show variety in general, which it seems is harder to come by in this day where every "punk" label is semi-major label and glossy and shrink-wrapped. i guess a lot of people like that. but anyhow, the only way i hear of new bands is by trading mix tapes with people. i would like to think i'm fairly up on the punk rock, but i'm always a couple years behind, or however long it takes for the records of to-day to hit the 50-cent bins of to-morrow. even then, i have too many records and i'm trying not to buy any more. so musically and people-wise, i have no real concept of the scene, except for what i see in the newsprint zines. judging by that, i would say there are a lot of crappy sub-corporate bands around and everyone is super excited about them and it's a great time to be a punk rocker (!!!). but i don't know, i don't mind not knowing what is going on and what's cool. i am perfectly happy staying grounded and i see no reason to rave about some flavour of the week, even if they're good. all these hot new bands, i mean, they don't help me out in any way. i mean, i pay to see them play or buy ~~new~~ records, but i don't see them ordering my zine. i don't see them

expressing any reciprocal interest. i am pretty alienated by punk musicians, or musicians in general. it seems to me a very, very privileged show-off thing. like "hey everybody, look at me" like, ok, cool, you can play an instrument. i only wish i could. but it's like, i could never afford to buy musical instruments. i could never find four other people that could stand being around me. i see these bands like going on tours and stuff and i just think "how?" and "it must be nice". i mean, it must be nice to just go from town to town, and not have to work, and play some music, and have people be interested enough in that to find you places to play and to stay



reputation grew, and people were not happy about that. old contributors tried to fight me, you know-- stupid shit. the scene here was falling apart. i mean, some cool things still happened here in '96, but by '97 the scene that i grew up with was dead. the cool kids had moved away, but this time it was the whole scene. some people their ideals, and all that. it happens to people every day, but this time it was the whole scene. some people (maybe me included sometimes) say scenes go in waves. i've been waiting for 4 or 5 years for the next wave, and it hasn't hit yet, and i don't think it will. but anyhow, the scene fell apart. the old bands broke up and every one hated each other and everything i wrote just got me in trouble. by issue five i had started doing band interviews, and regular record/zine reviews, and trying to break out of the local scene. i still took the zines to shows, but kids would just buy them and rip them up to make a point. i still had a little support--- much more than now-- but after number five i dropped the local shit pretty much. the local scene no longer meant anything to me and i hated the reactionary losers in it. i didn't like going to shows because people always wanted to fight me. or kill me. by issue six, the "scene" held a little ceremonial thing where i was "kicked out of the Spokane scene" (???). i just laughed, which upset them even more. for issue 7.5 there was a public "book-burning" of my zines, where they piled them up and tore them and burnt them on stage at a show during a local band's set, inviting kids in the crowd to participate. they invited me ("stupid 4-eyed little prick," they called me) on stage for an "ass-whipping" - but i was in paris at the time, unbeknownst to them-- they probably figured i was cowering in the corner. also circa issue five or six, me and j.t. wrote a "scene report" for MRR which got us blacklisted from local record stores and shows and that-- that was another big part of it (this is all in c.s. no. 7, by the way). people wrote into MRR telling me to "move out of Spokane" because i "wasn't wanted", and that crap. i mean, how dumb is that? this all happened many years ago, but it was pretty important, and changed the direction of the zine.

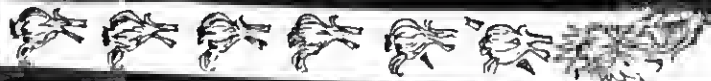
what does making a zine mean to you? is there any satisfaction you get out of it? making a zine to me-- humm. unfortunately i'm not very thoughtful or emotional or profound. i like doing the zine. if i didn't like doing it i would stop. i have been doing it for a long time now. i mean, i'm working on the nineteenth issue right now, which is pretty fuckin' high for a zine that isn't on newsprint, one page long, or around since the early 80s. so i am happy that i have been able to stick around, and maybe even get better. i get great satisfaction out of speaking my mind and being honest. to some extent i think doing the zine is a kind a duty. i mean, no-one else is telling things like they are to any great extent. i see isolated things, or i'll read a zine and say "yes! this person tells it like it is!" and then i'll never see the zine again. what i mean is, i see very little criticism in the punk scene outside of just weird topics. i mean, people are like "let's criticize a couple of major labels, and ask why there aren't more girls at shows" -- which is great-- but it seems like they don't notice or ignore so much other shit. so i feel like i need to talk about that. also every time i read a shitty zine or what-have-you, i feel a great duty to bring a wonderful zine like mine to the masses. well-- okay-- i'm joking a bit, but

Minor threat was the first hardcore band that i ever really, really got into. i was 15 and wanting so badly to be a punk rocker, getting out of death metal, i'd already heard the dead kennedys so i figured i was on my way. At the time, i'd heppened to find this old Camelot Records card--they used to have buyer's cards back in 1992-93 that were stamped every-time you purchased a cassette or compact disc....after the 10th stamp you had a free cd of equal or lesser value coming your way. Seeing as i had previously filled this card from purchasing bad death metal, i now had a free cd coming my way....so on a visit to the midland mall, i decided to stop in at Camelot records and see what was up. so, there i was, doing my typical thing, deciding which cds to get...and after a while i had decided on the cramps "gravest hits" and minor threat's "complete discography". i'd never heard minor threat before, but i did have a poster of theirs hanging on my bedroom wall, next to my wall-sized skinny puppy poster...so yeah, the interest was definitely there. but really, i don't think anything could have really prepared me for them....i wasn't familiar with hardcore back then, what it sounded like to anything, and the only punk bands i'd heard at the time were fugazi, the misfits and the dead kennedys. minor threat weren't like any of those bands. i'd spent my early teen years obsessively listening to death metal and grind core, so i was used to fast music, but minor threat were something else. they were SO confrontational and lan swore a lot and it was fun as hell and it was so different than everything i'd previously heard, and i fell in love. i remember talking to my mom about music during our nightly dishwashing sessions; i would always inform her, against her will, about all of the new, cool bands i'd heard....and i remember telling her that i wasn't into death metal anymore that i preferred alternativa and PUNK ROCK. and from then on, i considered myself a punk, even though i didn't really listen to a lot of punk. instead, i went to lame assed raves, smoked cigarettes obsessively and listened to anything i could get my hands onto that i considered "underground". i started buying all of my clothes secondhand; i painted my nails black and grew my hair long. i started writing zines and forsook my boring ass rave life for that of the coffee shop in big rapids....where for years, i lived out my idea of what was punk. central michigan punk in the mid-90's, where there was nothing to go by and no one really liked the bands that i did; it was alot of fucking fun, it really was.

looking back, i think i had a super time growing up. at the time, though, i thought it sucked because i got fucked with all of the time at school, but really, i had a rad time. my parents were really cool and lenient, and they never made me get a job while i was in school. they always believed that my teenage years were meant to be spent having fun, which meant spending all of my time hanging out with my friends at the coffee shop. in their ramshackle apartments, listening to strange music and watching strange movies. i got to spend my evenings watching strange, kick-ass bands play, getting into goofy, overly serious relationships, making my zine and generally living my so-called punk life. i really got to experience growing up.

i'm always fascinated and intrigued by the music that people listen to. i love talking about music and i'm especially thrilled when i meet people that like the same music as i do. i'm always interested in hearing their stories--what bands changed their lives, what the music means to them, why they listen to what they do. and i'll be the first to admit that i can seem a bit musically obsessive, and that not all people share my musical fervor...but really, this music means everything to me....and not just punk/hardcore, but every thing i listen to. my memories are generally based around what i was listening to at that particular time--ask me about fugazi, the violent fannies, the lemonheads and the smashing pumpkins and i can tell you everything about my sophomore year in high school, everything that i felt and how those bands meant everything to me then. ask me about bikini kill and i can tell you about evenings spent up at the coffee shop in my junior year, working on my zine and feeling like i could take on the world with them as the soundtrack. am i the only one who can do this? this music is a mainstay of my life; it's part of who i am? am i the only one?

i see so many people who look at this music, any music, as just something to do, going to a show just to kill some time until something more exciting pops up. it's kind of sad....you don't really see people excited about new music, excited about shows or bands (or ZINESbut that's another topic for another time). it just seems like it's the cool thing to do. cool enough to be there, but not cool enough to care, y'know? and it's weird, because i get totally excited about bands i've never heard, about zines that i've never read, about going to shows. i get totally excited about the idea of bands playing in a basement to 20 or 30 people and i love hearing new music, reading new zines and just having the opportunity to be a part of something that i love. this is only as fun and as awesome as you make it.



i work second shift in a factory, 2:30 to 11 PM, monday through friday, so i don't get the can to go to a lot of shows...but when i do, i am so excited about it for the whole week previous to it; i'll talk about it constantly. "oh the show on saturday, blah blah blah"...i saw twelve hour turn end true north in february and it rocked my ass. i didn't know anyone. but twelve hour turn erre one of my favorite bands and i took the night off of work to see them play in heather's basement. i lost \$80 in wages to see them play for twanty minutes and you know what? it was totally worth it, to stand right in front and yell along with them...it was TOTALLY worth it. a fucking blast—it didn't matter if i didn't know anyone/talk to anyone. and yet while the bands played, there were kids sitting on the fucking floor, half

asleep with bored expressions on their face, rolling their eyes and acting cool. may i ask: why the fuck are you even there? is it to see the bands, or is it because there's nothing better to do? wa take so much for granted.

that's why i gat so excited when i meet people who are excited about music, excited to be going to shows, because this isn't a hobby to me. this music is a part of who i am, whether it's orchid, my bloody valentine or skinny puppy. i grew up with this music; i love it and it means a lot to me. it isn't just something to do when i'm fucking bored.

music inspires me...it inspires me to write, to create, to think, and yes, sometimes it just inspires me to rock out. late last year, when we were visiting my mom and dad over thanksgiving, i played a mix tape for my mom while wendy was taking a nap. we were listening to sleater kinney and modest mouse and los crudos and portraits of past and yaphat kotto and refused when my mom, all of the sudden, asked me "what do you GET out of this music"? i sat there and thought about it for a minute, only to come up with this:

it's just rad. i love it; it's fun music". but really, it is so much more. fuck, brinney spears can be "fun" music—that doesn't mean i'm going to listen to her. to me, this music is so much more—it is emotion, anger, frustration, desperation, beauty, hope, confrontation, and it means everything. it's who i am and i love it. i don't think i would be who i am today if i hadn't stumbled upon sonic youth, the dead kennedys, minor threat, the cramps, bikini kill, etc., 8 years ago. for years, i had fought to fit in with my peers; i longed to be accepted by having cool clothes, new tennis shoes, to have everyone like me. this music woke me up to the fact that it was okay not to fit in; that it was indeed preferable. this music gave my rage, my sadness, a voice; it has given so much to me, no matter what it is/was. *that* is why i ramble on about it, why i care. isn't that enough?

musical wants.

it isn't often that i'll list stuff that i'm looking for, but i'm totally interested in tape trading and will happily reciprocate if so wanted. i'm looking for quite a bit of stuff...i'm really wanting a lot of old '80's hardcore/punk/grind/peace punk, along with a lot of more recent international bends of the same genres. non-corporate emo is also super. bands in particular: confuse. outo. gauze. corrupted. government issue. black flag. iron cross. flux of pink indians. amebix. anti-sect. effigies. seein' red. i.am. s.o.b. envy. the ex-ploder. jessamine. fingerprint. alcatraz. anti-product. axiom. cress. straucony. homomilitia. post regiment. dazerter. forca macabra. abuso sonoro. man in the shadows. yage. opstand. jean seberg. lvich. not/clone. acme. carol. engrave. brother inferior. tear it up. dead nation. parade of the lifeless. black dice. bread and circuits. down in flames. darnad. anything really, although i'd really like to check out the international scene. i can send blank tapes and i will forever love you. just don't take 3 months to mail the shit out. hint, hint...

said to j.t.-- "fuck, we should just do a zine," and he said "oo, zines suck" (?!-- he later came around, and did his own zine, *tangent*, his number two of which was a split with my number three)—but i had the idea planted then, and a very fertile and conducive environment and lifestyle, but some pretty dumb ideas: the first was calling it "cryptic slaughter". two housemates, james and chad probably, were on the front porch discussing wasbed-up metal bands, and james said "how 'bout 'cryptic slaughter'?" and they laughed, and i overheard them walking out to the porch, and i don't know— it just struck me as so funny that a band would have such a stupid fucking name, and i bated metal/butt-rock too, and i just thought of these 80s-hessians in spandex naming their band something so fucking stupid and unintentionally hilarious-- and i told james, "i'm writing a zine called cryptic slaughter!" and they laughed, and i made the zine. i didn't take into account that maybe eighteen issues later i would still be doing it, and the name would a.) no longer be funny; or that b.) certain factions of the "punk" scene actually are *into* this band!!! i also told them the zine would be "52 pages long" and that i would finish it in 3 days on a diet of 25-cent soda. i mean, i was going to have pages with just scribbles on them, like ponderous experimental shit. so i made the zine.

what was the initial reaction to cryptic slaughter? was there one? the initial reaction was great. i mean, i bugged everyone to write things or to be interviewed or whatever, and i had a lot of friends then, and a very cohesive scene, and the zine had a lot of funny stuff in it, and people liked it. it was the first zine in town in a while, and people liked being able to write for it, or see things like show reviews, even if they were silly. so everyone liked it, and people kept giving me more articles and more silly things, so i kept doing it. you mentioned in no. 6 about getting death threats by issue no. 5. what events led up to that? describe what the scene in spokane was like at that time. the zine was/is honest, blunt, angry, rude, and intelligent. that is a combination that seriously enrages a lot of people. from the first, the zine was like that. i mean, issue one, is, for all its amateurishness and for however much people liked it, full of snide comments and insults and such. it's even more blunt than like nowadays. like there's an article on a local band of the day, the Mainstays, called "Why the Mainstays Suck". and it just goes on to explain that they suck. i mean, it just told it how it is. maybe people got a little laugh the first few issues, but when they saw that i was keeping it up, didn't like it the first five issues were seriously local, because i loved our local scene and was intimate with it. so when some band or zine got shit-talked, it was local person getting on my case. we (it was much more of a group-zine then, under silly pseudonyms: me ("scab"), rash, rice pilaf, cyst, etc) ran jokes poking fun at local people and bands, and that kind of thing. i mean, if someone was a moron at a show, you'd read about it in the next issue's show review, no words minced, right? it's just my nature i guess. i don't really think i'm capable of playing nicey-nicey or of ass-kissing, that's probably why i don't do well in jobs or school or society: but i mean, it was nothing new, so people began to take exception to the things i wrote in the zine, and being small-town dullards, felt the solution was with fights and such. neo-nazism was on the upswing by then (1995) in spokane, and i took a stand against it, which was wildly unpopular among local kids. my "smart-ass"

shows or at coffee shops we hung out in ("java junkie's", etc). i was sorta inspired to do a zine, in a sense, when i was a little kid, i made "zines" of a type all day long every day for fun. i made all kinds of them. i called them "books". from the time i could hold a pencil, i wrote these "books". some were activity books, some were stories, some were fake newspapers making fun of other kids, some were club newsletters, etc. i wrote a lot of stories, about little fictional characters i made up, up until i was about 8. at that point, i wrote a lot of stories about this town i had built out of Legos and its inhabitants. these were pretty cinematic stories.

and i made up like catalogs and stuff too. keep in mind these were done on paper and bound by myself, and all that, so they were like proto-zines in a sense. in fourth grade i started writing a lot of stories about me and my group of friends—really smart-ass, detailed stories. all of these had lots of drawings too, by the way. and then i did some on like some secret clubs we had, and then i did a lot of "dungeons and dragons" type stuff, though i was never really into that. i made a lot of "choose your own adventures" because that was very popular then. oh, in 3rd or 4th grade, "Garbage Pail Kids" came out, and i did like a take off on that, and made up and drew hundreds of cards along the same lines; only based on "the Transformers", the robot-toys that were then-popular. in fifth and sixth grade, i put out a lot of comics. me and this kid Paul started a "comic zine" called "PMC's Comic Monthly" or something like that. the comics were pretty crude and cheesy, i guess, and we coloured 'em in by hand with coloured pencils. by like sixth grade the nintendo came out, and so i began publishing a Nintendo magazine (*N.E.S. Pros*, man). (Previous to that i had published a *Dr Who* magazine [3rd grade] and a baseball-card collecting magazine, the name of which escapes me). The Nintendo magazine was pretty popular. i mean, it sold about the same as *Cryptic Slaughter*, so you know, whatever. By seventh grade, though, girls were of a much higher priority, and so i tossed out most of that stuff from my routine, though i continued to draw a lot. but so anyway, i had a pretty good background in writing "zines" and copying them and all that shit. in high school i started work on a half-dozen "punk"-related zines (somewhat very *doublegoo*, *cerebral punk*, etc) but never finished them. i made two short zines finally in maybe 1994 with another kid, sean, (*tank job* and *fish wrap*) but they were not very interesting or even fun to me. the first zine that i absolutely loved was a *cometbus* i found at the café. i don't remember the issue, but it was from 1993 or so. i had read cometbus before, but this one enthralled me. secondly was a zine that i got from someone or other, *Hessian obsession*, by quitty. i found it very funny and was very taken with it for a while. anyhow, by 1994, i was in this band, f.a., (anarcho-queercore!) with a bunch of other very wonderful people, and was experiencing what was, in hindsight, the high point of my life. anyhow, i was living with the other singer, j.t., at a local punk house, and we were discussing maybe making lyric sheets, or explanation sheets or something, since we were always getting told off for being "fags" and "P.C. homos" and the like. i

silly assed thoughts based around a trip to virginia

i have so much on my mind, so much that i want to say, but i'm kinda reserved....i'm not sure how much i can share. it's saturday night and while everyone else parties it up, i'm here, feeling hyper and restless. wendy and i recently went down to virginia to celebrate my friend becky's marriage, and to see wendy's sister in virginia beach. i was planning on basing this entire issue around that trip, but after weeks of writer's block, i scrapped the idea based on the fact that it was a pretty uneventful trip overall. we drove 2000 miles in 4 days, stayed in 2 hotels, made some enemies, saw friends and family and made a home movie based around crystal's (wendy's sister) overflowing toilet. becky's wedding was small and quaint, in a rented out hall in front royal, virginia. people were drinking beer during the ceremony and i was grumpy as hell get out. i ended up feeling better, eventually, and it was really super nice to see avarona doing so well.

yet it really made me think that life is really changing for all of us. i never thought that i would admit that, but we're no longer 18 and living in shitholes, poor as hell and clinging to our friends. clinging to our ideals even when they changed everyday....and i guess seeing becky up in front of all of us really opened my eyes to that fact. our lives are not what they were.

five years ago, i had my life planned out completely. i wasn't going to college. i wasn't getting married ever. i wasn't even interested in girls, and my ideal goals were to work a shitty job so i could live with my friends in a shitty, run-down apartment, and buy lots of records. i was completely anti-marriage, anti-religion, very pessimistic and i drove a baby blue dodge omni that had 3 stickers on it: sonic youth, einsturzen neubauten and bis. i've never really listened to bis. but anyway, i worked at mcdonalds, lived with friends and watched everything slowly die in big rapids. and i was happy with that.

...and now, 3 years later, it's all changed. the life i swore i would always live....poor and unfamous and by myself; it's all gone. wendy and i got together and somehow becky's

wedding got me thinking about all of that. we've been together for almost 4 years now; it hasn't all been easy, but it has always been interesting....me with my punk rock and my zines and my raggedy clothes and my pissy moods, wendy with her love of led zeppelin, pikachu, angels and joyce meyer. in a lot of ways, we are as different as night and day, but there's something there that makes us click, a lot of love and respect where this whole thing is leading, what i'm rambling on about, i'm not sure. take care of each other. just a thought.

the trip to big rapids (a briefing)

after talking and yammering on about jared in #3, i decided that it was high time to get up and do something about the situation....so i called him up and a date was set. i was pretty excited, as i always get before going up north, and i left early saturday morning, anticipating the 3 hour drive.

well, to be brief, it was awesome. we spent all day just bullshitting about non-big rapids related things. we ate out 3 times, drove to grand rapids and generally just had a kick-ass time. now, it isn't my intention for this to be a sentimental moment, but really, it sometimes just takes one visit for me to remember why my friends are rad. with visiting jared, and with becky's wedding in virginia, i remembered why. i fucking remembered why.

incomplete shit that i put in here anyway

.....right now i'm trying to listen to bands that really amaze me either lyrically or musically, or both. and jeff and i were talking today; he mentioned that he really wanted to get the kids in this area back into punk rock and while him and zanna are starting to accomplish that, i'm focusing on this and my zine distro....which has been a truly half-assed effort on my part. and as we sit there and talk about old school punk, as we concern ourselves with zines, i can't help but wonder where all of this is going, where all of this vested interest and participation is going to lead. will we be around 5 years from now? 10 years from now? when i'm 33, will i still care about this crazy, screamy discordance? will i still be staying up until 5 am to write zines? call me idealistic, but i'd like to think that i would be. i've been working on zines since 1994, and of course, we'll always care—these are our lives we're talking about. this is our passion; i can't imagine just wiping my hands of something that's meant so much to me for so long.

i'll be turning 23 next week, and it's been 5 years since i graduated. back then, 5 years seemed so long, like an eternity....but 5 years now, an what have i done? i got married in november 1998. worked a lot of shitty jobs. lost a lot of friends. moved 7 times. quit smoking. came down here. saw a lot of bands. wrote 3 zines. travelled. want vegetarian. and yet when asked i'll respond "not much". and i've still got so many ideas about myself that aren't fully realized, things that i still want to do. 23 ain't shit, and besides age is just a number. i will only be beaten down when i act accordingly to that number, and really, besides having a full-time job, i don't see that happening anytime soon.

the show tonight

it was kind of an odd feeling to just stand there in gina's basement, my backpack weighing me down while all of these thrash bands went off. and i was trying my best to get into it, but for the most part, i just couldn't. and i left feeling a tad lost. i think it's good to see bands you've never heard; it keeps you open to new sounds, but something wasn't there tonight, something was off. during feast or famine's set, jeff mentioned that a song of theirs was about kids who listen to hardcore for a couple of years and then move on....which i thought was interesting in that, will you be listening to his hero is gone and orchid when you are 40? will you be screaming along to black flag? nonetheless, people applauded his words and the band played on. and after it was all said and done, i left dragging my feet back to my car on 52nd street, with a headache to boot. woo hool

playlist for this issue

tha great unreveling. tha black hand. ds-13. lovesick. orchid. 400 years. mare'akate. fable. forstella ford. torches to rome. kill the man who questions. from ashes rise.



working sucks.

my life has been a barraga of shitty jobs.....

my first job ever was working at mama mia's "italian" restaurant in scenic hersey, mi.; i was 16. i had heard of the job through my friend, nicole, and since i figured i "needed" a job, i went and applied. the next day i received a call; yes, you've got the



definition stands to-day)--- like i said, a lot of sub-pop and early grunge, some college rock, some attempts at what might nowadays be 'indie-rock', and that sort of thing. mostly local / semi-local bands. i got into this one band, black happy, from north idaho. they were like christian funk-ska-metal-punk. it sounds like utter shit, and if i heard it to-day for the first time i'm sure i would agree. i also didn't know they were christian at the time. but i loved them. they put out a 7" and a tape that i listened to very often. a couple kids in my art class had black happy shirts and were into like new order and stuff too so that was cool. but so i went to lots of black bappy shows. eventually they started sucking really bad, and getting popular and signed to some crapped-out label, but by then i was through with them (though i still really love their tape, much to everyone i know's disgust). by this time some more "punk" bands had formed in town: foremost to me was the flies, who came out of a local band called t.f.l. who i never much cared for too much. they put out a tape that i listened to a lot. more shows started happening at this place outside of town in airway heights at the sunset grange, and these shows were small and d.i.y. and were probably my introduction to "d.i.y. punk rock". a lot more younger bands formed and played out at the grange or were associated with that scene (this is like 1993, by the way) and i loved most of them very much: surrealistic static, cause, that one band, coburg five, milltown, and so forth. there were lots of other bands too, like velvet pelvis, bellywipe, jr rodeo daredevils, motherload, and all those bands, but i was really into the former bands because they were younger and less jaded and more d.i.y. and that. it is a shame that no-one has ever heard of these bands, or even cares to. or that if they did hear 'em, would care less. of course you had to be there. but for me, i was very happy, and it seemed like we had the best bands in the country for our own local bands. at the same time i was very depressed and in and out of the mental hospital and so i was kinda into this nihilistic rebellious attitude that came across at some shows and i liked that. it was a while before i really started hanging out with any "punk kids", mainly because i am shy and anti-social, but that was how i was introduced to punk rock. i mean, in a sense, there is much more to it, and it also has a lot to do with raspurin's, the punk café, and things of that nature-- things that hooked me up with other punk kids not from my school-- but i will stop there-- ?

when did you first discover zines? what was the first zine you ever read? did any influence you to start c.s.? what inspired you to start cryptic slaughter? was it your first zine? it is a strange thing, but i always knew that zines existed. i don't know how. i have seen kids pick up a zine and go "what is this?!" or read about them somewhere and pronounce them "zynes" out of innocence, but i never had any such experience. i mean, just like i was always aware of shows and stuff. maybe i'm just super observant of certain things, i don't know. i can't remember reading any 'first zines', they were just always there. maybe 'cause the earlier ones i read were like hybrid zines / underground newspapers, i don't know. i remember a very good underground paper in spokane, *discourse*, and there were 3 or 4 others around at that time, too. "that" zine was a local "zine"-zine i read early on, as was one put out by bellywipe- "listen, jerkey". lots of zines were given out at



mail interview with giovanni caputo. he does a zine called
cryptic slaughter. it is rad. read it or die.

this interview was done through the mail and it is the first interview i have ever done. i think it turned out rather well, mainly because giovanni wrote long answers to my boring questions. anyway, giovanni is rad and he brings up a lot of good points, and did i mention his zine is rad also? yeah. the layout for this interview is sideways so i don't have to re-type this. so there.

anyway, read on.....

what got you involved in punk rock? certain hands/people? yeah ok well, tens. alors, um... i moved to washington and i came of show-going age and so i went to shows. i don't know why or how, really. i was into like manchester music, like the stone roses and the smiths and other british stuff, the la's and that. i still like that, very much so. hut anyhow, kids at my school and stuff were into some of that same thing- the cure and such-like, and they went to shows. lots of non-"punks" went to shows then, around here anyhow. like i mean, shows were where the "freaks" went to congregate or what-have-you. like i mean, goths and what we called then "wavers" and punks and college-rock kids and all that. maybe it was cause it was a small town, but no, i think lots of places were like that. maybe some still are in a way. i mean, this was when there was "alternative music" or whatever (i mean like the pixies or something-- like on a major label and all that but totally non-mainstream in the late 80s-- from my perspective anyhow) and i don't know that that still exists, like the "non-punk" kids that i see come to shows these days are into heavy metal or hippie music if not christian rock or what-have-you. so anyhow, i went to shows of local hands and touring bands, like a lot of sub pop bands 'cause this was washington state in 1990 after all. i didn't like the music much really and the first few shows all the punks and wavers scared me (i was maybe fourteen) hut eventually i got to like the crowd and recognized certain people or whatever. not befriended, but recognized. or sometimes kids from my school would be there, like colleen or rachael, and through them i might meet people, like jayne or frog or whoever. people who i wonder whatever happened to, by the way. but so i went to these shows. i went to pretty much every show that came around. the bands were not always "punk" (i mean, the bands were *never* "punk" as the

job, come in on monday at 4 pm, and oh--wear a white shirt. to be honest, i was stoked. my first job ever, making my own money....but as monday arrived, i was less and less stoked. i was a dishwasher, by the way. yeah--woo hoo. so anyway, monday arrived and at 4 pm, i walked through the doors of the restaurant, all nervous and shit because, well....because it was my first job, and i didn't know shit about dishwashing. i knew that i hated washing dishes at home, but man, i was getting paid to do this! it couldn't be that bad anyway! well, after the first night, i knew for certain that it was all fucking garbage. i worked until damn near 11 pm, with no break, no food--"but you can have all of the soda you want". well, woo hoo! how grand! and the job itself sucked ass...spazzing out, running around this shitty, falling apart dishwashing area, filling this automatic dishwasher with nasty plates. push a button and presto! clean dishes magically appeared on the other side. seriously, this job was stupid as hell and i loathed having to wash an assload of other people's dishes everyday. nicole soon confided in me that sha only told me about the job so she could get out of dishwashing, and i could see why. it was fucking gross! cleaning off all of the plates, being soaked from head to toe (hey, i was sloppy with the sprayer)--fuck that! and the waitresses were so rude....."i'm out of this, i'm out of that"....*FUCK YOU!!!!* it was just tarmble, and it was almost a 30 mile drive from my house, so after a week, i quit, naver to return to dishwasherland again.

the next job i had was at mcdonalds in evart; i was 17 and had just graduated high school. this job, in retrospect, also sucked ass, but it was honestly probably the best mc shithole i had the displeasure of working at. it was a small restaurant, and i had been applying repeatedly to no avail, until one may morning, my mom woka me up to inform me that a manager had called and that i had an interview scheduled for that evening at 8pm. i was less than thrilled as i had planned on seeing my friend's band that evening, and i wasn't really wanting to work at that time, but i ended up going for the interview and yes, i secured myself a position under the golden arches (little did i know the position would turn out to be "bent over"). anyway, i started on memorial day weekend and my first day was a 3 hour shift that consisted of making an assload of arch deluxes. woo hoo.

of course, i was nervous as shit about this job initially, but after awhile everything smoothed itself out. i was a closer, usually working from 5pm-close everyday except for tuesday and saturday. at first, it was a real adjustment to be working 40 hours a week; it felt like i was missing out on things, especially because i was working in the evening. but after seeing what my friends were doing during my days off (i.e. smoking large amounts of pot, getting drunk and basically living soap opera lives), this sansa of discontent waned a bit.

one thing i will always remember about mcdonalds in the ghastly smeli of it all. wearing greasy-assed uniforms that won't come clean no matter what you do--the scent of hamburger and dahydrated onions permeates your skin and your clothes. it is one of the nastiest scents you will evar, aver stumble upon. this is a fact. but other than that, it wasn't that bad of a job, i guess....the managers were alright; some of my friends worked there also. the pay, obviously, was shit, but when you're 18 and living at home with mom and dad...well, \$300 avary 2 weeks isn't all that bad. it was more than enough to support me at tha time and i even had enough left to put money in the bank. how cushy.

but as with all jobs, this ona eventually started to suck ass, about 5 months into it. i was tired of working there evary night, and i had been invited to move in with my friends in big rapids--an offer that i had been taking into serious consideration. after a few days thought, i put my 2 week notice in (to some protest: "we were going to make you a manager!" for \$5/hr? kiss my ass!), packed the few things i had, and left for big rapids. after getting settled in big rapids, i slowly started looking for jobs again. mcdonalds was NOT an option in my book, though. however, i had money saved up from previously, and therefore, i could afford to take it easy for a coupla of weeks. so i applied casually, to the record store, the gas station, to taco belt.....none of whom ever called back. and after awhile, my ass started getting desperate--rent was dua soon and i didn't want to drain all of my savings--and this desperation soon led my ass back to the fuckin' golden arches.

well, to be honest, this job pretty much sucked ass from the get-go, although i did end up staying there for awhile. the assistant manager was evil as hell, which i think was due to the fact that mcdonalds had pretty much destroyed her life (she had worked there for 12 years and was only making \$7/hr....i'd be evil as hell, also). another factor in her evilness was probably because of the combined shitty attitude of the daytime kitchen staff at that time....particularly me this fellow named chuck. we would say or do anything to piss her off, and combined with our pissed off "fuck you" attitude, i'm sure we were a bundle of joy to manage. but chuck was eventually fired (leading to a career as a carnie....) and i was promoted to a crew trainer, which meant i got to wear a pink button-up shirt for \$.10 more an hour. how i ended up with that title, i'll never know.

as i hate training people. however, that only lasted a week before i was asked if i would like to become a manager. hmmm....was there a pay raise? yes. would i have to wear this stupid mcdonalds uniform any longer? no. then hell, yes i would! really, that was my only motivation behind becoming a manager—getting paid \$5.25/hr and not having to wear a hat. it's pretty sad when those are considered the perks of the job.

and to be honest, managing was unbearable also. you get blamed for everything, and nothing is ever good enough. plus i don't like the concept of "managing" people, and the majority of the managers i worked with were a bunch of backstabbing assholes. that and the store was really just a very shitty place to work; the corporation that owned it really had their heads up their asses when it came to treating their employees decently and fairly. i could tell many a horror story about my time there, but i'll leave that for another time. basically, managing there was a crock of shit and after a year and a half there, i left, running and screaming from that shithole. and of course, i swore up and down the i would never EVER work under the rancid, yellow arches of shit again.

and for awhile, i didn't. instead, i landed a job working as 3rd shift cashier at the next door store, which was one of the two 24 hour gas stations in big rapids at the time. the pay was shit, but i can honestly say that that was probably the best job i've ever had. i only worked there for 2 months, but it was a breeze. you could wear whatever you wanted, bring in your own music and basically relax for most of your shift. the majority of the business died down after the beer coolers were locked at 2am, and from then on it was easy sailing. the customers were often a lot more pleasant to deal with than those at mcdonalds, also....but nothing good ever lasts, and 2 months down the road, i was out the door and moving down here.

now, i'm not exaggerating in the least when i say that 2 of the worst jobs i've ever had were ones that i held down after moving to urbanesque southeastern michigan. i'll just say the i ended up working at mcdonalds AGAIN for 8 months, and it was horrible as usual. but what was different this time around was that when i quit there, i actually stuck to my promises of "never again". however, sticking to that promise, and having no real experience with anything besides fast food restaurants. i could safely say that i felt like i was up shit creek without a paddle. i applied at a paper mill in rochester—even had an interview—but nothing came of it. i dawdled around, made a zine, and generally avoided job hunting like the plague. then it occurred to me one day—wendy had gotten her job through a temp agency, who's to say i couldn't do the same thing? so the following day. i made a trip to the temp agency, took a math test, pissed in a cup and eventually talked about wages.

temp pimp: "well, shaun, what would you like to make as a starting wage?"

temp ho (me): "well, um....i need to make at least \$8/hr. no less".

temp pimp: "well, we can do that. we'll get back to you when something opens up".

and sure enough, 2 days later the phone rang....

temp pimp: "hi, shaun, we have an orientation for you at ralco industries on friday morning at 8am. does that sound good?"

temp ho: "well, how much do they pay?"

temp pimp: "they start out at \$7.35/hr."

temp ho: "i said i needed \$8/hr. to start...."

blah blah blah....to which they said that was the best they could do at that time. so, being out of work for nearly a month and having my rent due the following week, i decided that i'd take the offer and was at my orientation on friday at 8 am.

anyway, during orientation i was told that i was going to be a press operator on 2nd shift. now, at the time, i wasn't even sure what a press looked like, but i knew that my mom ran one at her job and she didn't like it. still, i was excited for some reason, so when the day came, i went. however, i had failed to notice just how dirty and dark the place was during my orientation. oil everywhere, a landscape of rickety green presses illuminated by orange fluorescent lights. i was not stoked....and after being trained on my job, i was even less stoked. this place blew ass—I would go into it here, but frankly, i've written about it previously. but please just remember that ralco=very, very bad. for the love of god, stay away!!!!

so after 10 months of ralco-rama, i jetted out to the unemployment line. i actually took about 2 weeks off, and then landed into the shop i'm at now. and while i have learned a lot of new things, and the people are alright, it's so boring. it's funny, because i always have this belief that my next job will be the "one"—the one that i'll actually be happy with. but surprise, it never happens. i think that everyone eventually feels some level of discontent with their job at one point or another, but fuck! this isn't something that i want to be doing 5 years down the road; i'd like a job that doesn't make me cringe. something that won't make me feel like i'm wasting my time 40 hours a week....because, honestly, that's how i feel now—like i'm just working for a check. this shit bores me.

i've been telling myself that i should go back to school for a couple of years now...gradually it subsides, but lately it's been making its presence known again in my thoughts. what's odd

is that i'm not really a pro-college person, based on experiences i've heard about, and i'm not really sure what i want to go into if i did happen to go. i don't want to waste my time and money if i'm not sure of what i want. either way, i do know that this shit is getting older by the day; i'm simply not interested in the industrial field. but what does that mean? we all say that we want jobs that we enjoy—how many of us actually have them? how many of us actually feel fulfilled by what we do? i don't know about you, but speaking from personal experience, flipping burgers and making auto parts ain't shit on the fulfillment scale. but what then?

i tell people all of the time that, honestly, if i never had to work again, i would be a very happy fellow. yet there are people here that retired 6 years ago that are STILL here, running presses 8 hours a day. when asked why they do it, they say "well, i'd be bored if i didn't work", maybe it's just a lack of work ethic on my behalf when i say this but really—fuck that! get a hobby, anything! there's more to life than working until you die. is that what you really want? it's kind of sad when you actually think about it, when you can't imagine your life without the pain in the ass that is work. i can't even picture having that mentality. it's almost alien to me.

